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DAILY AND WEEKLY

By the
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The Silver Belt has a larger circulation than any daily newspaper in the world published in a city with 10,000 or less population.

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SILVER BELT CRITICIZED

The friends of the proposed fifty-thousand-dollar bond issue and the new high school building are accusing the Silver Belt of knocking on the enterprise. They claim that the publication of the bonded indebtedness of the Globe school district with the interest added in was an unwarranted slam and was given purely for the purpose of frightening timid taxpayers.

Far from it. The Silver Belt simply presented the district's financial condition as it found it of record and for no other purpose than to bring out a full and free discussion of the matter. The Silver Belt went still further than this and stated flatly and frankly that if a high school building is really needed that the question should not be considered from the standpoint of dollars and cents, further than to permit the necessity to govern the amount expended.

The Silver Belt is apparently wiser—and if not wiser—considerably broader—than its critics. The display of figures presented is only startling to the casual observer and not to the man who thinks, if Globe was to remain a city of 10,000 people and its taxable values were permanently fixed there might be some hesitancy in increasing the school district's bonded indebtedness. As a matter of fact however under the condition just outlined there should be no hesitancy in voting money for the education of the city's youth if the city was absolute need of it. But Globe is not going to remain a city of 10,000 people. It will have a population of 20,000 on Jan. 1, 1910, maybe more. When the present school bonds were issued real estate on Broad street was not worth to exceed \$500 or \$600 a front foot. Today it is worth from \$800 to \$1,000 and it will pay investors from 18 to 25 per cent at the last named prices. Here is the point we wish to make. For every dollar's worth of taxable property we have today we will have two dollars worth in less than five years and the list of taxpayers will be doubled, while the rate of taxes, despite bond issues, and they are bound to come thick and fast, if we are to have a greater Globe, will be gradually diminished. It isn't hard to figure this out if you will stop to think a moment.

Globe is rapidly attaining the proportions of a great city. A new school house a year will perhaps be necessary for the next five or ten years. There are street improvements to be made, public service plants to be acquired or installed—and all of this will require bond issues galore, and then some more bonds, and then a batch of refunding bonds. No city has been made without employing these tactics. The greatest cities in the United States today erected their superstructures on bonds. It is the only avenue open if you are really in earnest about building a city. We must build for posterity and we want posterity to come in for its share of the expense. An annual sinking fund of \$4,750 will take care of the present bonded school indebtedness, and that will not hurt the heaviest taxpayer in the city.

But that isn't the question. Does Globe really need a high school building, or does the city need more grammar schools? How many high school students are there attending school at the present time? If the people have proof that there is an actual present need for a \$50,000 high school building, with its full corps of high-priced teachers, the money will be forthcoming. Let those who have advocated this bond issue come through with the information, and let them confine themselves to the real present demands. The immediate necessities will be satisfied and the future demands met as rapidly as they mature if accompanied by a comprehensive bill of particulars.

WONDERFUL LOVE OF MUSIC

The pink, bediamonded ears of New York's richest and most beautiful woman had been charmed, on this particular evening, by the music of the world's greatest singers.

Out from the theater they came, and though the rain was falling, they passed dry, under the shelter of the great awning to their carriages and limousines, and were whisked to their palaces. Diamonds and music have mingled.

Here's a parlor in a small flat. The young people have talked themselves dry of common themes; it's tiring to be nice and artificial a whole evening. The pretty hostess, a working girl, knows the next move. She strikes a chord on the piano. Her guests are charmed into naturalness as she plays the latest song.

Commonplace goodness and virtue have mingled with music.

Sounds of music coming from a saloon door, have a drawing power that not even the rays of light and the signs of warmth would exert on the young man, whose shadow is cast on the wet sidewalk, as he hesitates at the entrance, longing for comradeship.

The benches in Madison square are empty tonight.

Over under the canopy before that tall building you'll find, sheltered in the entrance, the hapless men and women who can't go to bed on the park seats until it stops raining.

A young fellow, with the collar of his ragged coat upturned, his hands in his pockets, looks up at the sky, through the ravine of building walls. Through a rift in the clouds he catches a gleam of a star.

From somewhere within him that star brings to his puckered lips a strain of Tannhauser's "Oh, thou sublime, sweet evening star."

Someone else takes up the whistle. A tall, ragged man hums the air. A painted woman of the streets sings it just a little bit. The tall man is encouraged; his trained ear tells him the woman really knows the song. He sings too, with assurance. Another joins in, and away back in the darkness of the entrance, there rises another man's voice, sweet, clear, commanding.

This really happened one night in New York.

A full quartet of able singers just naturally picked itself out of that motley crowd, like four chips might be tossed together on a whirlpool in a brook. They sang and sang and sang. Their hearers applauded them just as the jeweled hearers, at a more decent hour of the night, had applauded the world's greatest singers. Homeless, bediless, penniless, foodless, they were, but not hopeless. Where there is music there is hope. Even the dirge speaks only of sorrow.

Misery and music mingled in the rain and darkness.

Human life never ends; somebody is always alive. Did it ever seem to you that you were like a bead, strung on this thread of life; that some day you will be pushed off at the other end by crowding other beads and crowding years?

Well, life is something like that. We may be big, round, beautiful beads, or little, rough, unfinished ones, the string is always the same.

And one strand of this string that supports us all, big beads and little, in God's mysterious necklace, is music.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

Artemus Ward was once asked if he believed in ghosts.

"No!" said he. "But I'm afraid of 'em!"

Hundreds of thousands of people in this nation voted in the last election under the influence of the fear of ghosts in which they did not believe.

No sensible man believes that the Dingley schedules add a fraction of a cent to the price of farm staples. But the ghost of 20-cent corn was conjured up to walk if tariff revision won. The farmers didn't believe in the ghost—but they were afraid of it.

No sensible person now believes that our manufacturers need protection as "infant industries" any longer, or that any foreign nation can produce on the whole any cheaper than we can, or that lowering of the Dingley schedules would throw wage workers out of jobs. But the ghost of smokeless chimneys as conjured to walk if the tariff wall was lowered, and though the workman was quite sure he didn't believe in the ghost he was afraid of it. So, against his own belief, against the Gompers pleadings for the rights of union labor, the workman voted for Cannonism in the interests of his job, which he didn't believe to be threatened, but feared for.

In the midst of a panic depression the ghost of a panic was invoked, and though the business man never for a moment believed in a panic, no matter who was elected, he was afraid of it.

The fear of ghosts in which we do not believe makes governing this nation pie for Cannon, Dingley, Payne and Aldrich. It takes superstition a long time to die—so graft remains good.

Is there anything worth having that Mr. John Hays Hammond hasn't been slated for?

Are You Hunting For

Ammunition | Toilet Articles | Stationery
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RYAN'S
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Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

Save the pennies, and your husband's affinity will take care of the dollars.

There is no scorn and pity equal to that with which the woman with a bulldog and the woman with a baby regard each other as they pass on the street.

Of course, charity begins at home; and every husband pays the household bills with the airs and feelings of a financier distributing funds to a charitable institution.

In the days of King Francis men used to perform desperate feats in order to win a woman; but in these days most of their desperate feats are performed in trying to escape her.

One consolation in marrying a man who smokes a pipe is that other women won't be trying for the privilege of kissing him.

It seems sort of foolish for a woman to waste her time trying to cultivate common sense when most men are so well satisfied with nonsense.

You would fancy that all American men married for love to observe the scorn with which they talk and write about the titled foreigner who marries for money.

Many a man likes a girl's style until he has to pay for it.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson says he will follow his erstwhile following in the future, not lead. Mr. Watson prescribes a terrible penance for himself.

Mr. Nat Goodwin in annexing Exhibit D, clearly establishes his right to be known as the male Lillian Russell of the American stage.

"Will it be the same old Cannon?" inquires the Chicago News. We hope not, but we are beset with grave misgivings.

"Japan is really not so badly off as has been asserted," says the Norwich (Conn.) Record. Nor so badly off its base as Captain Hobson asserted.

Still, Emperor William need not necessarily despair. Our congress has "sassed" the president on occasions, even as violently.

The chances are Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt in the senate would become pretty good "pals."

Five Filipino editors are in jail. We feel that benighted country isn't anything like ready for independence.

About time for the ex-Mrs. Nat Goodwin to form a Survivors society, isn't it?

We believe Mr. Roosevelt is too good an American, however, to prefer bongo and okapi hunting to bob-cat annihilation.

"Bill Barlow says all life is a gamble. That is probably the way the men who bet on Bryan feel about it," says the San Antonio Express. We suspect a number of them feel, on the contrary, that it is a sure thing.

"Brace up and be happy," says F. L. S., in the Atlanta Constitution. All right, Mr. Stanton; but can you really get a "bracer" in Atlanta nowadays?

Presidential elections come and go, and every little while Nat Goodwin gets married, and the world wags on. Heigho!

One of the New York senatorial seats, at least, seems in a fair way to be amply filled soon.

"Johnson, of Minnesota, looks like a rising sun," says the Philadelphia Record. Like a "favorite son," also.

Ladies, don't fail to read the great Sacrifice Sale ad. of Dolph Baatz & Co. on Page 4.

VOTING COUPON

Silver Belt's Piano Contest
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WANTED—To buy—a roll top office desk. Address P. O. Box 90.

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WANTED—A No. 1 cook wants work. Inquire Bank Exchange cigar stand.

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FOR RENT—Nicely furnished front room. Apply 424 South Hill street.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Ranch and cattle, cheap; four miles from Globe. Inquire of Capt. Newbold, Salvation Army, Box 126.

FOR SALE—Complete soda fountain, with tank, charger, etc; bargain. Apply Silver Belt.

FOR SALE—Two heating stoves. Apply 312 South Hill street.

FOR SALE—Gents' furnishing house doing good business. Address A. B. C., Silver Belt.

FOR SALE—\$75 buys good barber shop, fine location, rent \$25 per month. Inquire of George Brown, White House Saloon.

FOR SALE—Private sale of piano, parlor and furniture—A fine Everett parlor grand piano, in oak, as good as new, superb tone, price moderate; also a few fine pieces of furniture; also some choice reference books on literature, history, fiction, etc., valuable for club and private libraries. Call and examine at St. John's rectory.

FOR SALE—Few thoroughbred Plymouth Rock cockerels from prize winners, perfectly marked and from a strain of fine breeders. For information write P. B. Walker, Box 62, Teviston, Ariz.

FOR SALE—Good saddle horse and saddle. Apply 361 Cedar street after 5 p. m.

FOR SALE—Family range No. 8, boarding house dishes; forty gallon upright hot water tank and boarding house range at Murphy Boarding house.

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This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, fluttering, the heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—the popular prescription—is also directed to the weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds it up; strengthens it; it calms rest, soothes heart pain. If you would have strong hearts, strong digestion, strengthen those nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

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